A

LETTER

TO THE

Lord Chancellour,

EXPOSING

To him the Sentiments of the People, with ſome Pertinent ADVICE in the Concluſion.

My LORD,

I'D Praiſe your Lordſhip, but you've had your ſhare
Of that before, if not too much by far,
And now a nobler field for Curſes are:
Yet I'le not Curſe, but leave you to the crowd,
Who never baulk their rage, but ſpeak aloud;
In all the Lab'rynths of your Crimes they'l track ye,
Worſe than ten thouſand Furies they'l attack ye.
We talk not here of *Penal Laws* or *Teſt*,
Nor how you King of Terrors in the *Weſt*,
With more than humane Cruelty oppreſt
Thoſe whoſe Shades now ſtab through your anxious Breaſt:
To theſe I leave you, each with brandiſh'd Dart
Throughly revenge his Quarrel at your Heart.
For me, I'le only let your Lordſhip ſee
How they reſent your chang'd Felicitie.
Now may you hear the People as they ſcowre
Along, not fear to Damn the Chancellour:
The Women too, and all the tender Crew
That us'd to pity all, now laugh at you.
The very Boys, how do they grin and prate,
And giggle at the Bills upon your Gate!
Nay rather than be fruſtrate of their hope,
The Women will contribute for a Rope;
And thoſe fine Locks that no bleſs'd Spark might touch,
On this account *Ketch* may, they love my Lord ſo much.
Oh for Diſpenſing now! ah! now's the time!
Your Eloquence will hardly blanch the Crime;
And all the turnings of your *Proteus*-wit,
With all your little tricks, won't help a bit;
Ev'n that fine Tongue in which your Lordſhips truſt is,
Now won't, altho' ſometimes it baffled Juſtice:
No *Ignoramus* Juries ſhall perplex ye,
But with their *Billa vera's* now they'l vex ye.

From their dire Claws no hiding hole you find,
They ſpeak their own now, not a Parties mind:
Not now as heretofore, when on the Bench
Flattery and Dawbing had ſuch Influence,
And *Jeffreys* for a Gift would with the Laws diſpence.
But granting all our Laws be out of joynt,
Why yet they do not fear to gain the point:
A High Commiſſion may the Cauſe decide,
Your Lordſhip by a Butcher may be try'd,
When by Commiſſion he is dignify'd,
His Power You muſt not doubt if He be ſatisfy'd.
If this ben't Law, (though we've a Preſident,)
You may appeal to the next Parliament:
But theſe are ſuch damn'd Sticklers for the Laws,
That it is five to one you loſe the Cauſe.
In troth, my Lord, the Caſe is very ſad,
Enough to make a wiſer Man ſtark mad.
But I'le adviſe your Lordſhip what to do,
'Tis plain that they their Madneſs will purſue.
They hope to ſee you ſoon advanc'd on high,
Moſt ſweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and Sky;
See reaking Balſom from your Breeches dropping,
And greedy Handkerchiefs the Relick ſopping;
Whilſt on their heads a Chryſtal ſhower deſcends,
And all their Shoulders o're it ſelf extends.
This 'tis they mean, 'tis this they wou'd have done,
But I wou'd chouſe 'em e'ry Mothers Son,
Troth I'd e'ne hang my ſelf, 'tis quickly done.
If yo've no halter, never make a pother,
Take but a garter, one's as good as t'other:
For Lord! ſhould ſuch a Man as you ſubmit
To be the publick laughter of each grinning Cit!
Elſe my Lord take a Razor, never fear,
And cut your Lordſhips throat from Ear to Ear.
'Tis feaſible enough, you know who did it,
And you are valiant, Sir, what need you dread it?
Cut both the Jug'lar Veins tho' if you can,
Elſe they'll ſay *Eſſex* was the ſtouter Man.

From the little Houſe over againſt *Tyburn*, where the People are almoſt dead with Expectation of you.

I am your Lordſhips,

in any thing of this Nature.

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